

JEWELS INSTEAD OF GLOVES

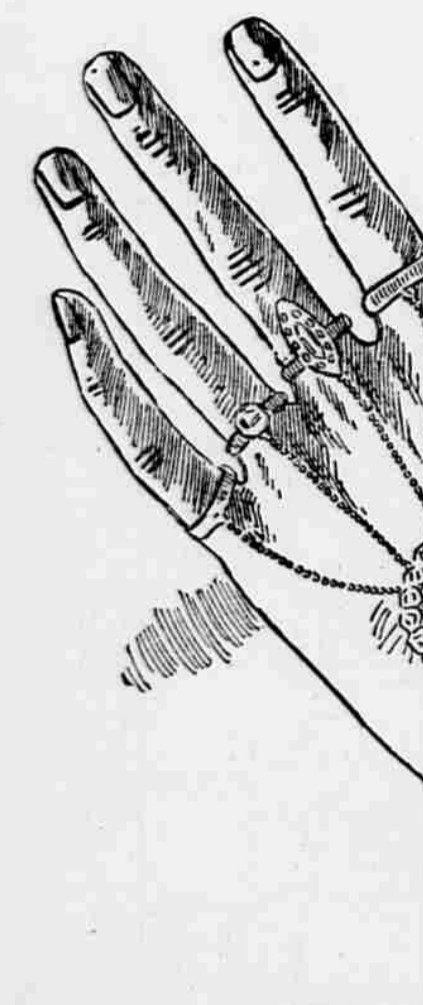
MAY BE FRIVOLOUS AND GAUDY, BUT SOME WOMEN WEAR THEM.

The New "Hand Harness" Was Evolved When the Dictate Against Gloves Went Forth—How Made and How Worn.

From the New York Herald.

When the dictate against gloves went forth, the new "harness" for the hand was evolved from some brilliant brain, and it is the ultimate barbarism. It isn't really so bad—it is not even expensive for those who already own gems, set or unset; but the jeweled harness is the thing to wear when bachelored at the theater. This is what it is like. On every finger is worn a ring, with emeralds, rubies, diamonds and any other stone that happens to belong to the fortunate owner. Even the thumb has a ring, and all these on the fingers are joined together like the old-fashioned brass knuckle.

From each ring there runs a fine gold chain that connects it with the large turquoise ornament in the center of the back of the hand, and then the chain runs along through this jewel, which is set around with large diamonds, something like



HOW IS THIS FOR GAUDY?

brooch, and connect with the bracelet beyond on the wrist.

An Armor of Jewels.

It completely covers the hand and forms a blazing armor that will flash and dazzle the eyes in the pit when the hands are raised in applause in the box. You would think the stars had dropped down from the sky and consented to do duty awhile, when you beheld this ornament in all its magnificence.

The harness, when finished and adjusted, resembles nothing so much as a glove, the delicate short chains forming the stitching. Some women wear the harness for only one hand, claiming it is in better taste, though both hands may be encased in this golden armor if there are jewels enough in the family safe deposit vault to go round.

There is another design for the new harness, when the back of the hand is left down the back of the hand to the wrist, and there attaching it to the bracelet. When this style is adopted the chain is set with round semi-precious stones, the topaz, garnet, carbuncle and some others forming a rope or twist where every color of the rainbow is to be found. Violet, yellow, purple, red, white, pink, blue and green are some of the list that form the new harness chains for the beautiful white hands of the belle and the bud.

They Make a Gorgeous Display.

The triple rings that go with this affair are curiosities in themselves. They are evidently made in this shape in order to facilitate the donning of this somewhat complicated bit of daintiness. That is, it is complicated when the harness is off of the hand and not lying in its proper position.

The rings when off the fingers look like three golden loops, soldered, as they are, in the matter of convenience, with some of the better known variety—more colors the better, apparently, and the more diamonds the clearer the design, and the more expensive the sapphire the better, too.

The greater display of glittering stones the better every well-regulated girl likes it, and in the harness there is immense latitude in the matter of preference. Some of the designs call for a large, brilliant diamond, and the way the gems are set. The design can be made to suit the taste almost, and in the inventor of the harness there is ample room for individual choice and originality.

Finger Caps of Gold.

For those who please there may be added to this already glorious vision of splendor "gold caps" for the fingers. These are shaped something like a thimble, and are closely set with emeralds and diamonds and all the rest of the list.

They can, as well as the bracelet below, be joined to the rings with chains. That is merely a matter of personal taste, too.

This jeweled harness beats the jeweled glove all to smithereens.

BIGGEST FLOWER OF ALL.

Philippine Islands Bolo Is a Yard Wide and a True Heavy Weight.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The largest flower in the world grows on the island of Mindanao, one of the Philippine group. It was first discovered there some years ago by a German explorer. It is a five-petaled blossom, nearly a yard wide, at a distance, a single flower like giant cabbage heads. A single flower has been known to weigh twenty-two pounds. The natives call it bolo. Specimens sent to Europe were recognized to be of the species *Hedysolum*, a plant discovered in Sumatra and named after the English governor of that island, Sir Stamford Raffles. The bolo is only to be found in the neighborhood of Apo, one of the highest volcanoes in the Philippines, or about 2,500 feet above the sea level.

SUNDAY LADY 2 COL CUT

A QUINETTE OF FAMOUS CATS.

Here are five of the most famous cats of Europe, as photographed by the court photographer at Vienna. They belong to various members of royalty, and this picture of them is reproduced from the New York Times. The cats "taken" are not the ordinary cats that one sees about the houses of friends, but cats of lineage as pure and long, perchance, as many of the rulers of the world.

Now hold the fate of men in their hands. Puffed by the hand of royalty and fed by the paws that prepare most costly dishes for the rulers of nations, these cats live in royal palaces, and this picture of them is reproduced from the New York Times. The cats "taken" are not the ordinary cats that one sees about the houses of friends, but cats of lineage as pure and long, perchance, as many of the rulers of the world.

WILD BEASTS FOND OF HIM.

William Pease, of Paris, Me., Has Made Friends of Many Wild Animals.

The villagers of Paris, Me., have always noticed that dogs, cats, cattle and horses took an especial liking to William Pease, who lives on a high hill just over the Harrison line, and now everybody in Paris, Paris Hill and Norway is talking about the strange daily spectacle on the Pease farm.

Since the setting in of extreme cold weather and the fall of a foot or more of snow, deer, foxes, squirrels, rabbits and partridges have been visiting the farm-house daily for rations. The first to appear was a yearling doe. She walked into Mr. Pease's dooryard one day and stood looking at the farmhouse. Mr. Pease took his gun from its accustomed corner and was about to shoot the doe when the expression on her face caused him to pause. "I was just going to let her have it," he said, "when something seemed to say 'Don't,' and I lowered the gun and stood looking at her. She didn't seem a bit afraid, and I walked toward her. At first she seemed inclined to edge away and not let me touch her, but I began to talk to her and she walked right up to me and licked my hand. I went into the house and she followed me right in, and I fed her on some cabbage and cut up some apples for her."

When she seemed to have satisfied her appetite she acted a little uneasy, and took her out in front of the house. She lingered around for a few minutes and then she went away. But such is not the case. What the wild beasts are doing is to scatter pieces of food, not more than a few inches, and then they come back and eat it. The wild beasts are not more than a few inches, and then they come back and eat it.

Property Was Scattered Long Ago.

If the land which Jacob Baker possessed had been left intact it would form an immensely valuable tract. But such is not the case. What the heirs now own in scattering pieces is collectively not more than a few acres. The land was scattered long ago.

Chief True to "Pinch."

He Traced His Once Faithful Horse to a Department Auction Sale.

From the New York Journal.

At an obscure auction sale of old horses yesterday, ex-Chief Joseph Mehl, of the department, paid \$20 for Pinch, who he had lost when he was a boy.

Pinch, when disillusions added to long years of enthusiastic service had made him a broken-down old horse, was sent to the department training stables a month ago. Nobody told ex-Chief Mehl, but he felt it his duty to go and see him.

There was nothing more pathetic than the sight of the old horse, who had been a hero in the past, now reduced to a mere animal.

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MYTHICAL MILLIONS HERE.

THE BAKER ESTATE AS A SAMPLE OF WILD WESTERN ROMANCES.

Never Was Very Large at Any Time—The Claims of Alleged Morris Heirs Equally Unsubstantiated.

From the Philadelphia Record.

If the Jacob Baker estate, of this city, which alleged Western heirs of sanguine disposition have magnified to the splendid value of \$300,000, is to be taken as a fair specimen of the great properties in and around Philadelphia, the heirs of the estate are constantly turning up, generally in the far West, somebody is making a fortune out of the property. The heirs of the estate are constantly turning up, generally in the far West, somebody is making a fortune out of the property.

No Big Baker Estate.

The fact is that there never was a Baker estate of the extraordinary value. Jacob Baker, it is true, had large holdings of land in this city, including almost the whole of the block bounded by Fifth, Sixth, Market and Chestnut streets, and the tract where Moyamensing prison now stands.

Property Was Scattered Long Ago.

Mythical Morris Millions.

On a par with this Baker estate myth, is another which comes from Asbury myth, and which represents the alleged heirs there of Robert Morris, the great Revolutionary financier.

MUSICAL GIVEN BY RATTLERS.

Strange Story Which Comes From Pennsylvania—No Affidavit Is Furnished.

A special to the New York World from Susquehanna, Pa., says: "Talk about snakes," remarked an old Long Eddy snake hunter, "there are no snakes along the Delaware river section than ever snaked in Ireland before good St. Patrick gave them the green."

Clouds of Birds.

NOGUCHI, JAPANESE POET.

His Muse Is Much Influenced by Buddhism—He Has the Spirit of the East.

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HIGH TOWERS OF SILENCE.

COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF INDIA'S STRANGEST BURIAL PLACES.

A Parsee's Last Rites—The Structure and How the Dead Are Deposited in It—Bodies Are Speedily Devoured by Vultures.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Loss is known, by the masses of the Occident, of the Zoroastrians, or Parsees, and their religion, than of any other Oriental community; and although their Dakhnas, or towers of silence, at Bombay, India, have been more or less superficially described by travelers, the architectural details of these peculiar structures have rarely been exposed in an European or American publication.

The most unique and impressive feature of Zoroastrian customs is their method of disposing of the dead. According to their religious belief, the dead are sacred to the elements, and hence are not to be buried in any way. They are strictly enjoined that dead bodies shall not be thrown into the sea, burned in fire, nor buried in the earth.

These towers are not as numerous as is generally supposed. Outside of Persia and India, they are found only in the Parsee colonies in Bombay and one or two in China. Those in Bombay are located on the summit of Malabar hill, a picturesque elevation on the eastern boundary of the city, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be had.

No Signs of Death.

There is nothing suggestive of death about the towers. It is a luxurious garden of flowers, ornamental shrubbery, palms, cypresses, bamboo and other tropical trees, laid out with smooth, well kept gravel walks, and a comfortable benches, and shady nooks, secluded resting places, and fragrant flowers, where birds of brilliant plumage are seen everywhere.

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A \$25,000 OFFICE.

Every Brick in It Contained a Silver Dollar—Crack Freak of a Rich Man.

This is from the Detroit Free Press: "One may see and hear strange things in the remote localities of this country."

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ABOUT MARK HANNA'S HOME.

HOW THE OHIO SENATOR PASSED HIS TIME WHEN A YOUNGSTER.

Boy of Nerve and Pluck—People of His Native Town Stand by Him Almost to a Man—Gave Early Evidence of a Leader.

London, O., Cor. of Chicago Inter Ocean.

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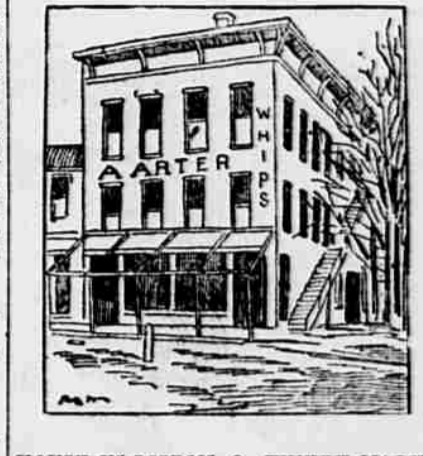
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HOUSE IN LISBON, O., WHERE MARK HANNA WAS BORN.

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Mark Hanna was born in 1827 in the picturesque old town of Lisbon, O., which at that time was known as New Lisbon. It is the second-oldest town in the state, and many of its important events date back to the previous century.

Just opposite the present courthouse stands an old brick building, occupied as a harness shop and United States shoe store. The rear part of this shoe store was occupied by Dr. Leonard Hanna and his family. It was here that Mark Hanna was born, and in one of these living apartments, the shop Marcus A. Hanna first opened his eyes to the world.

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NANCY BARGER, 107 YEARS OLD.

She Was 10 Years of Age When Washington Died—Comes of Family Remarkable for Longevity.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

On the Bald Eagle creek, in Center county, Pa., about six miles below Bellefonte, are situated the ruins of the Eagle Iron Works, founded by Roland Curtin, Sr., father of the late ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin. This place, called Curtin's station, was the site of a large iron works, and the old iron masters and furnacemen of almost a century ago have long since passed away. One solitary old man, who keeps a mournful vigil over the ruins of former life and industry, is this old man, Samuel, now over 90 years of age, who is one of the oldest white persons in the state.

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